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A Packet  
of  
Pestilent Pasquils.

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## PREFATORY OBSERVATIONS.

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The various lampoons on the Reverend David Williamson, the uxorious clergyman who outstripped Henry VIII. in the number of his wives, having been excluded from the published volume of Pasquils, are placed with a few similar objectionable productions in the present brochure, of which a very few copies have been thrown off, for preservation in the cabinets of such collectors as do not object to antiquated scandal, and hold the opinion that, as illustrative of the morals and manners of Edinburgh society of past times, these satires have some value. Those readers, and they are not few, who are familiar with the witty indelicacy of Dryden, Congreve, Wycherly, Behn, Centlivre, and Shadwell, will not be disposed to find much fault with the cutting sarcasm and coarse raillery of Pitcairn and Fynnle.

The worthy subject of the more interesting portion of these satires departed this life upon the 6th of August 1706. Colonel Williamson, who died a few years ago, was understood to have been his direct descendant. He did not scruple, in his more convivial moments, to allude to the passages in arms of an ancestor who had by his gallantry in an hour of peril performed a feat which the Merry Monarch could hardly believe, and one which induced his Majesty to appoint an interview with the reverend gentleman when in London.

Whether this gentleman was a son of Joseph Williamson, a member of the Faculty of Advocates, is uncertain. The latter was either a son or grandson of the clergyman, and purchased the estate of Foxhall in the County of West Lothian. Becoming a neighbour of the Earl of Hopeton,

in the belief of the soundness of his legal knowledge, he was so unlucky as to embark in a lawsuit with the noble Lord, in which the truth of the old adage was verified, "that he who acts as counsel in his own cause, has a fool for his client."

John Williamson, a Minister at Inveresk, was also a son of the Reverend David, and after his father's death, published some notes of his sermons, not calculated to produce a favourable opinion of his parent's theological powers. In 1720 proposals were issued by this gentleman for publishing by subscription "an essay on the Gospel method of conquering sinners unto Christ, &c., in ten sermons preached several Lord's days before the celebration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper." Whether this work ever appeared is doubtful.

It is believed, notwithstanding the number of wives, that the issue of the Reverend David, at least in the male line, has failed. To what extent the attacks on Williamson can be credited is somewhat difficult. His having seven wives is beyond dispute, but his exploit at Cherry-trees is perhaps exaggerated. In the memoirs of Captain John Creighton the circumstances of this remarkable instance of physical power are given, but Creighton was a Cavalier, and his memoirs were edited by Swift, no patron of covenanters. The strongest authority against Williamson, is that of Bishop Sage, who, in his remarks on that person's sermon preached before the General Assembly, 4to, 1703, makes direct reference to the trick he "played to the Lady Cherrytrees." In Pitcairn's Assembly the story is assumed to be in every respect true. An interesting account of the murder of the young lady's uncle, preserved by Wodrow, forms No. I. of the Appendix.

The allusion to the "Band Strings," in the answer to the Roundel on the death of Williamson is explained by the letter preserved among the MSS. of Robert Mylne, which follows

in the Appendix, No. II. In a collection of fugitive papers and broadsides said to have been formerly in the possession of Lord Fountainhall, there is a scurrilous and indecent song to be sung to the tune of "John Paterson's fole goes foremost," in which Archbishop Paterson is treated in a manner not particularly respectful. If any portion of the stories is true, this ecclesiastical dignitary deserved expulsion from the church he disgraced. But really, where there was so much bad blood between the Presbyterians and the Episcopalians, it would puzzle a conjuror to ascertain at the present time what amount of truth can be extracted from their mutual accusations.

## I.

A TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE CRUEL MURDER OF  
THOMAS KER, BROTHER TO THE LAIRD OF  
CHIRIETREES, ACCORDING TO THE RELATIONS  
OF SOM WHO WER PRESENT, WHICH  
I FIND AMONGST MY FATHER'S PAPERS.

I com now to the tragical passage of our dear friend's murther, Thomas Ker, Chirietrees brother. Gredenham being with my Lord Hume at dinner, was speaking somequhat freely to him, and after dinner my Lord takes him aside, and tells him he might take him if he wold, and that the King had sent an express to Colonel Struthers to apprehend all vagrant Scots that wer in Northumberland. Whereupon Greden, without taking leave, cam straight to Crookum, where wer Thomas Ker, yong Bukum, Henry Hall, Alexr. Hume, and Hector Aird, (who wer there

\* This person seems to have been the uncle of Mess David Williamson's first wife. Amongst the Poems of Cleland (p. 48), occurs a very bombastic Elegy upon Ker, who is there styled of "Hayhope."

sheltering, (the persecutions being now so hot in their bounds), and presseth them to go from that place, and not to stay all night, which they did, tho' late ; bot Greden, being wearied lyes down in their bed, and at midnight the party coms and apprehends Greden, and carries him first to my Lord Hume, and from thence to Hume Castel. Our friends hearing of it, sends to advertise som moe friends for his rescue, and they goes to Crookum, where the tryst was set to wait the party's coming that way ; however there cam non bot whom I have named, and after they had stayed a little at the place, they ar advertised that the party was gon another way, which put them to consult what to do next. In the mean tym comes there one telling them Struthers is at hand with his party, they not judging it could be so, thinking he had been gon with Greden—Ker comes to the door, and while he is walking there smoking his pyp, he discovers the party, and immediately calls his friends to draw their horses, and draws his own ; first resolving not to be taken, bot thought to have taken a by-way, thinking Struthers wold have passed them. However, when Ker mounts, one Squire Martins, Sir John Martins, the Marc of Newcastle's son, Struther's nephew, wold by all means challenge our friend contrary the rest their inclination, and coming up to Ker asked who he wes, he answered he was a gentleman, he sayes be taken Dog, Ker sayes where is your order, upon which he drew his pistoll and shot Ker in the belie, immediately Ker fired, and shot him dead through the head, and after Ker finding himself deadly wounded, he ran upon the party and fired his other pistoll, and then drew his sword and fought while he was able to sit on horseback, and then droped down, yet wrestled on his knees and prayed, while the rest were fieghting, till his breath was gon. Our friends fought while they were able. Alexander Hume is run through the body, Henry Hall is shot through the arm, all sorely wounded, bot hops of their recovery.

The English, some mortally wounded, and two killed, with two of their best horses, valued at a 100 pieces. Our friends being disabled, retired, and the enemy durst not pursue them. Struthers comes to Ker while his breath was hardly out, and he and all of them runs their swords in him, and takes (him) by the heels and trails him through the puddle, and then flings him on a dung-hill; they wold not let bury his corps till a party of friends went in, and brought it away. This is the truest account I can learn.\*

## II.

### LETTER TO MR PATERSON, FIRST, BISHOP OF EDINBURGH, THEREAFTER ARCHBISHOP OF GLASGOW.

A sincere and zealous hearty Lover of thy soule in spirituall condition, but a true hater of thy evill and scandalous wayes, have by ane inward inpulse been moved to give the this seasonable warning; and what would a great man,† lately fallen, give to have thes opportunities which he neglected; thou art aiming to succeid him, I wish it may not be in all things, that thou delayes thy repentance, and that it be one day said, I gave thee space to repent, but thou repented not. My remembring of thee shall be bot a short epitome of what I myself say, [saw ?] being hopefull this will do, but if not, thou may surely expect a more full and particular accompt of thy sinfull apparitions‡ and indignities done to the Almighty Maker and thy profession. And in the 1st place, I shall begin with thy develish lyeing

\* This murder seems to have been committed in the year 1677, but Wodrow has not marked the particular date.

† This was Archbishop Sharp that wes murdered by the Whigs. R.M.

‡ Operations ?

and satanicall lyke accusing of thy brethren ; and believe it, thou art known be all rankes to be no fooll : But as thou art knave, thou ought to mynd thy manifold fornications from thy youth upwards, even to thy antedated mariage ; and that since thou has been a most scandalous pursuer of both single women and men's wives, the women servants of thine own hous, makes no secret of thy vile offers to them ; also thy persuing of Anna Murray, even to the destroying of her good fame, but which hightens and aggravats thy unheard of abominations is, that the arguments thou made use of to persuade her to yeild to thy Brutish appetite, were brought from the sacred word of God ; and thou advysed her to marry Mr Annand, and what he should come short of in the marriage duty you would supply it, and how thou hast pursued Mrs Annand since that time, and for that procured him the deanry. I wish ye to call to mynd thy adultery committed in the minister of Collingtown's hous, which he himselfe dare not before God refuse, as having surprized you in the very act, for concealment whereof, you have kepted one of his daughters with your own for some years in your own house : Also thy unseemly Gestures and unchast insinuations with the minister's wyfe in the Abbey, for which you procured him St. Cuthbert's Church : Remember thy unchastitie with the Lady Innerleith, wife to the town-clerk, abroad at London and at home ; reflect upon what Dr Irvine knowes, the which I forbear at the time particularly to mention ; call to mynd thy base expressions you used to a vertuous young lady, taking her by the hand and commending the whiteness of it, and of her breasts, and enquireing if that beauty was helped by any art, or useing of waters, quho innocently replied, she had no water, but rose-water, you impudently answered that she had better water, for she had virgin water, and desyred no greater happiness than with your mouth to kiss the fountain from whence it came. The lady, struck with

astonishment, said, my Lord, take you me for a whore? and with indignatione left you with this, that she would make the same known to her brother: Remember, likewise, you were lately surprized by ladies of greatest honour in the natione, who found you in the Back Staires of the Abbey with a woman, your hat lying by—you kissing her, with your one hand about her neck, and your other hand in a place elsewhere, fitter to be understood than named, and thou deny, quhen you wes the Duke of Lawderdale's chaplaine, that the Dutchesse of Lawderdale did once take ye by the hand in the Abbey, and led ye into her own privie chamber, and dismissed all her pages, and had thir expressions to thee; Come let us use all familiarity together; let me hear no more Dutchesse, and no more minister. I followed ye no farther; but I leave others to thinke on the event, quher the opportunity had such combustible, though most chaste and vertuous tempers trusted together; however, it begat you a bishoprick, and made such ane lasting correspondence, that to this hour you are her weekly intelligencer of all our intrigues by the post. Thy vanity prompted ye to boast of this familiaritie to sundry of thy brethren, and certainly the preferment was large, greater than your lying with Hattoun was. I put a stop here, this being a sufficient specimen of quhat may be repeated hereafter. If this prevaile not, I shall upon another head remember the of thy treachery to the last Archbishop of St Andrews, who allowed you, as his privado, to know his secret purpose of his instantly going for London; and betwixt his setting (out) from Edinburgh to St Andrews, in order to his speedier returne thither for his journey; thou, by thy secret power and correspondence with that Jezebel, the Dutchesse of Lawderdale, (with whom as yet thou keepest constant intelligence), procured her husband to write a letter in all haste to his stop; consider with thyselfe, whether or not thou was a great instrument of his

destruction. And yet for all this, thou had the confidence to preach at his buriall a most abominable lying panegyrick, whereof one amongst many was, that he had never taken the Covenant. I shall also remember you, how, by the help of that same instrument, thou supplanted thy brother, now B. of Ross, and this would not satisfie you, bot thou also endcavoured to defile his mariage bed; and after many insinuationes, thou presented her with a snuff-box, on which wes engraven all the lascivious unclean postures that Aretine mentioned. Reflect upon thy matchless perjuries, and innumerable hypocrisies; I shall at present only name one, quberby thou pretended that his Majestie had offered thee the see of Glasgow, and that you refused it upon no accompt but that you might serve the city of Edinburgh. I will ye to call to mynd, thy secret drinkings and night watcheings, thy carding and dyceing with some of thy brethren and the inferior clergy; and for testimony besydes, thy own conscience, the very toun guards this last winter did often challenge ye at midnight and cock-crow, returning home drunk;—consider well thy base symonies, in taking of bribes for benefices bestowed on some of thy clergy, and withholding by capitulatione what wes due to severalls of the ministry of your dioces, and particularly refusing to collate the prebends, such as Wood at Dunbar, Foreman in Hadington, Bruce in Edinburgh and others, until you renuned and discharged your fees due to him by you as prebend; notwithstanding, thou deceived his Majestie, and procured a pension from him of 100 lib. Sterling by year, upon the accompt of the burden of the said prebends. It is proper for ye lykewise, as a pious and reformed Bishop, a good Christian, to examine the exorbitant soumes of thy servants exacted upon licenses of private mariages, with whom thou goes snips, and thereupon entertains thy familie; and for a further ground of thy humilitie, with the King Agathocles, who, in remembrance of his low birth,



would be served in nothing bot in earthen vessells, it will not be amisse to minde the, thy great-grandfather wes beddall in the Kirk of Ellon; thy grandfather wes curate in the Chappell of Garioch, famous for his agility. Being taken in the act of adultery, and hotly persewed by the husband, wes forced to leap the water of Ury, which wes called for a long time his leap, non ever since having done the lyke. Thy father, when living in the paroch of Kelly, in the heat of his lust, came down through the chimney for the accomplishment of his designe he had to the woman; thy brethren bears marks in their bones and bow-sprits of this wildfire; and as the Scots proverb is, “trott father trott mother,” how can the filly amble? but take heed to the French proverb, “the Gallowes is not made for the thiefe bot for the unhappy,” and that the 18 men on whom the Tower of Siloam fell, were not the most unrighteous of all others; seeing former private warnings could not reforme, it was necessar to follow Solomon’s advice, that open rebuke is better than private flatterie; the Lord preserve our holy Religion, and his Royal Highness from the treachery of such anc mercenary instrument, for thou will infallibly deceave and betray both the onc and the other. In the meantime accept of this, and let us know whither the next edition shall be by way of almanack or meetter.\*

\* The archbishop was a son of John Paterson, Bishop of Ross, and was promoted to the see of Galloway 23d October 1674. From thence, by the influence of the Duchess of Lauderdale, he was in 1679 translated to Edinburgh, where he remained until 1687, when he was elevated to the Archbishoprick of Glasgow, of which he was deprived by the Revolution. He died at Edinburgh on Wednesday the 8th December 1708 in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

I.

**The Priest's Address to Venus.**

For much amusing information relative to the Rev. David Williamson, the reader is referred to Kirkton's Church History, p. 349. This and the Answer are translations of Dr. Pitcairn's Latin verses.

WHEN, in late times of sin, an angry crew  
Of armed souldiers, harmless me persue,  
I cry'd to Heav'n for aid, but all in vaine ;  
The gods were deaf, and careless of my paine.  
At length to Venus' camp I do repaire,  
And offerings for the goddess fitt prepare.  
When fortified with Love's inchanting armes,  
I rest secure from all these feirce alarms.  
Whilst at thy altar I devotlie bow,  
The sacrifice was streight consum'd by you.  
Blest deitie, still unto thy servants true.  
Thy powerful succours in the cloud I felt,  
And in Love's liquid rapture fainting melt.  
By thee, my foes subdued, and I set free,  
Shall of thy godhead still adorer be.  
Dear Venus, safe, I'll of thy praises sing,  
And to thy altars, willing gifts shall bring ;  
Thy name thro' all the world I will make known—

Thou, more than other gods, thy love hath shown.  
Without thy aid, Æneas, thy own son,  
No famous act, no valiant deed had done.  
Proud Rome, with all her saints, thou dost outdo—  
As many votaries hast, and martyrs too.  
By thy sweet charms allured, and for thy sake,  
The Scots their ancient laws and rites forsake.  
By thee made drunk, their chains asunder brake.  
And tamelie to a female yield their neck.  
Love's mysteries, thou goddess makes me know,  
And heavenly pleasures how to use below.  
Yea, with one breath love's gate does open blow.  
Thou maiden blushes quickly can subdue,  
Their fiercenes tame, and make the proudest low.  
Temples, where divine service ought to be,  
Are now made waste, and dedicat to thee.  
Let Eastern nations Mahomet adore,  
And holy Europe their own God implore.  
And I thy praise, dear Venus, shall proclaime,  
My chief devotion shall run in thy name.  
Yea, blest by thee, I holy shall appear,  
And every wench shall Venus love and fear.  
By her, in secret mysteries skill'd, I grew,  
With which we cheat the poor unthinking crew,  
And each old hag the pious fraud persue.  
She promis'd me a nation, which should be,  
Throw all the world renown'd for bigotrie,  
Which with true zeal purg'd from the dross of Rome,  
That to be fooles and knaves took for their doome.  
In fyne, she rules the Earth, and will protect  
Those priests that ne'er her service shall reject.

## II.

**Venus Answer to the Priest.**

DARLING of all, our love, my chiefest joy,  
Your vowes we heard, nothing shall you annoy.  
In adverse times thou was well known to me,  
And of my heroes cheftain thou shalt be.  
Thou undeceivest the world, and let's them see  
Lust and Religion do so well agree.  
Scotsmen, rejoice, and celebrate the day  
That Davie's harp you heard soe sweetly play.  
Thou art my David, and can quickly cure  
All the distempers love-sick maids endure.  
Thy weell-tun'd instrument makes me forsake  
The Gods, and dwell on Earth for thy dear sake.  
When I thy sweet embraces call to minde,  
I blush to think that ever I was kind  
To old Anchises, or that I could touch  
Distorted Vulcan, whom I loath'd so much ;  
Though he amongst the Gods had got a name,  
And was not meanly skill'd in Cupid's game.  
But thou my god and faithful lover art,  
Ty'd with the strictest bonds we'll never part.  
I'll come then, as I promis'd, to thy land,  
And leaving Paphos (empty), will command  
That many smoking altars burn for me,  
And thou, dear saint, my faithful priest shall be.

## III.

**On the dead Memorie of that living corps  
Mr David Williamson.**

THOU wretched traytor to the Kirk and State,  
Once a church member, now an apostat.  
As Arius, that heretick of old,  
Swel'd with mischievous pride, could not behold,  
Any should be preferred him before,  
Shipwrack'd his faith and soul for ever more.  
So thou, before thou'd yield place to thy brother,  
Didst quit thy station, and disown thy mother.  
Pride was the cause that glorious angels fell—  
Thy devilish pride will hurry thee to hell.  
Yet not content the world (thus) to amuse,  
With thy hypocrisie, and to abuse,  
A giddy people, with high-lifted horne,  
Thou dares the heavens, and God Almighty scorn.  
When for that whorish jade thou didest pray  
So publickly upon the last Lord's day,  
As prickt in conscience, and distract in minde,  
That with a curat she had been soe kinde.  
Dissembling knave thou knowest well forsooth,  
This was a forged matter, and noe truth,  
Fram'd by fanatick ladies and their minions,  
Such as thyself, to further bad opinions.  
But where was conscience when thou, fearing slaughter,  
Rais'd up the mother, but kept still the daughter;  
And when thou had the vessel clapt aboard,

Thy lust thou called a marriage in the Lord.  
 Thus, didst thou not the widow's house devoure,  
 When thou the virgin daughter did defloure ?  
 Fy on the troopers, for their stay wes short,  
 Else they had tain the lecher at his sport.  
 Short pennance Welch enjoyn'd thee on a sell ;  
 But for these crimes, God will thee damn to hell.

## IV.

**On the Death of Mrs Margaret Douglas,  
 Spouse to the Rev. Mr David William=  
 sone, Minister at St. Cuthbert's.**

AH ! is she dead ? whom as her very name  
 Did her the pearle of her sex proclaime,  
 So her admired courage made her gain  
 The epithet even of a heroine ;  
 Tho' young, like to a virgine she was bold  
 To enter in the lists with ane grown old  
 In Venus' arms, who bore upon his shield  
 The sculptures of four triumphs in the field,  
 And who, as it was prophesied before,  
 Of old, should superadd two trophies more.  
 Altho' all this she knew before, some say,  
 (And who heard not of his abilitie ;  
 What woman, since the noise 'bout Cherrytrees,  
 Did not sound forth sweet Mr. David's praise ?)  
 Yet, like a gallant woman, she would try  
 In which of all the three his strength did lie.

The three considerables in his breeches  
 He handles frequently whene'er he preaches.  
 The worst, she knew, was to succumb or yield,  
 Or fall, at last, with pleasure in the field ;  
 She yields ; the champion turns her o'er and o'er ;  
 She quits the field, and leaves him conqueror.  
 Thus was she hurled off the present stage,  
 While militant, and in her florid age,  
 Who, had she matched with any other, she  
 Might have triumphed a compleat centurie ;  
 Instead of being foil'd sh' had taken lives—  
 Had killed as many men, as he did wives.  
 Howe'er, she's now remov'd to our regrate,  
 Sweet Mr David must persue his fate,  
 And, to accomplish prophesies, must add  
 Another to his matrimonial bed ;  
 And when transplanted to another sphere,  
 He'll be a stallion there, as he is here ;  
 And with his six wives copulate forsooth,  
 If Peirot or Bourignon speak truth.  
 Is she that great Goliah's slayer bow'd,  
 Now laid into her grave ? and its allow'd  
 That he the sixth of that bold sex should wed,  
 And she should put him into his green bed ?  
 Now let us see some amazon virago,  
 That hath a love to make a lofty brago,  
 Of that triumph over him who dar'd to squeeze  
 In his pursned bed fair Cherrytrees.  
 Let all her sex her praise for wanton glory,  
 That puts a close to Davie's wifeing story.  
 One, who was thought enough for one man ; no,

Stout Davie must have one more, which makes two ;  
Two will not serve his turn ; the other she,  
Comes in to trie her sexes valiantrie,  
Yet dieth in the cause ; another, this is four,  
Chusing to die before that she give o'er,  
Bangs bravely up anent him, while that he  
Bangs down her bravery, and she's forced to flee,  
And leave the battle to the cinque, who would,  
(She thought), have lurch'd him in the grave so cold,  
Yet now she's dead.   Edinburgh dames, be glad,  
There is an empty room in Davie's bed.

## V.

**Epithalamium on the Match betwixt the  
Williamsons and Mrs Jean Straiton,  
May 20, 1700. By Mr Fynnie.**

HAIL, Sir ! sweet Cupid and your Aphrodite  
And Hymeneus you the seventh time greet,  
And thank you kindly that you do fulfil  
The heaven's decree by this match and your will.  
You are their darling, so no wonder you  
So often to their charming sanctions bow ;  
Your valour long ago in Venus' field  
At Cherrytrees emblazoned is your sheild,  
That had the Queen of Love been on this sphear,  
She'd slighted for you even the God of War !  
Yet, to remunerate you, she caused her son  
To levell all his arrows at your stone,



Or stones, which, by a lucky gratefull hit,  
Your testicles, some say, did tripartite,  
To satiate the lecherous female kind,  
Left two before, and plac'd one stone behind ;  
Or rather, as some boldly testifie,  
Your heterogeneous stones did magnifie,  
And so impregnate that they do containe  
Such floods and damms of love in every vaine,  
As that you're still in hazard of your life,  
Till emptied by a virgin or a wife.  
Hence, worthy Sir, your priapism proceeds,  
Hence your unparalleled amorous deeds,  
Your frequent unions, and the obvious itch  
Is in your privie members when you preach :  
Hence com'st the psalmist David you exceed,  
When he was old he wanted heat and seed.  
He only married Abishag to warm  
His feet, but could not her with nectar charm ;  
But you by Venus (favour) keep your joyce,  
And heat tho' old, so that she who's your choice,  
And almost parallels the Shunamite,  
For fear of you hath bought her winding-sheet,  
Together with her nuptiall array,  
Tho' Venus o'er her fear still bears the sway,  
As she did once o'er your's, you're now possest  
Of one that is your equal, now you're blest :  
For toler—quarrel—and abomin—damn—  
Subjoin but able and apply the same,  
To minister their marrying four times,  
As one did when he lasht their severall crimes ;  
Even in his judgment, tho' it be severe,

Your present marriage renders you secure  
Of happiness : it doth you truly raise  
Above damnation just by three degrees ;  
And if you wed again, for who can tell  
But you may kill her too? I'm sure that hell  
Will not allow you easy access in  
Lest you debauch grand Pluto's Proserpine.  
If ever any hero climbed the sky  
In Venus' arms, or in the milky way,  
Sure you're the man, whom Venus, hath she power,  
Will choose to lodge for ever in her bower.

## VI.

**On Mr David Williamsons's being Moderator to the General Assembly.**

**By Mr Fynnie.**

HAIL, union both in government and trade ;  
Sweet Mr David's moderator made,  
A man of God, enabled by heaven  
To lye with many, and unite with seven :  
He with his wives through the whole week hath run,  
And hath united Saturn with the Sun,  
Preach'd seven, the perfect number, and may be  
Proposed a patron to prosperity ;  
Since he excells Henry Plantagenete  
Who the two Roses that strove long unite,  
And Henry who renunced the Pope of Rome,  
Had many wives, and, like him, killed some ;

And his Beloved Bess, head of the Kirk,  
 Who consummat the reformation work,  
 And the pacifick James, who, when he reigned,  
 The Thistle and the damask Rose combined ;  
 Our Mr David far surmounts all these,  
 Knows best the union 'twixt the females,  
 And by these means has gain'd the character,  
 And is their darling, and he hath their ear ;  
 He hath such influence on the female tribe,  
 Who things concerning Kirk and State prescribe,  
 And perfect, too, by moyen he may be  
 The blest remembrance of our unity ;  
 Sure he'll instruct the Ass : to fill the score  
 And join, and plant, and water more and more.

## VII.

**Dialogue between Master David William=  
 son and the Moderator, on Mr David's  
 Wedding=day. 1700.**

## MODERATOR.

DEAR Brother, you've grown a jest to the nation ;  
 To marie a seventh wyfe in so holy a station  
 Is more scandalous then was your first fornication.  
 As a minister, mynd what Paul says to thee,  
 That of one wyfe alone you a husband should bee.

MR. DAVID.

That's a text which I wish our byble had wanted,  
 Or from Paul to Apocrepha had been transplanted.  
 Yet I strove what I could that it might not me reach ;  
 Upon it I never did lector or preach.  
 But since I cannot want these neccessar evils  
 To hyde me, for mariage is the doctrine of divells.  
 Fools mourn for the loss of a spouse that they dote on ;  
 But its wisdom to change a cold wyfe for a hot one.  
 If my wyfes had but born a child every year,  
 With how great a shaks my old head would I wear,  
 When now from my pulpit I proudly might see  
 The halfe of my parish my own progenie.  
 But I think it some comfort my pains are not lost,  
 Since I'm the first Minister ever could boast  
 That I had sex spouses in my own lyfe,  
 And at last did reach a Sabath day's wyfe.

But speaking of wyves,  
 My thoughts it does ryse,  
 That for thrie things considerable  
 My fortune I'le pryse.

1. That our perswasion does to us allow  
 The Covenant of mariage so oft to renew,  
 And that it inflicts that sore punishment,  
 From women for ever to keep a long Lent.
2. Nixt, that the Saduces asked the doubt,  
 Who should be our spous after lyfe is run out ?  
 For unless that ane answer had to it been given,  
 It would trouble my mynd, to thinke that in heaven  
 I for my own share should be married on seven.  
 But yet at my fate I somewhat do rage,

That I did not chance to live in that age.  
 For I have a strong thought, which I truly do rest on,  
 That my name would have been proposed in the  
 question.

3. But, 3dly, and lastly, (that I may not you hold),  
 I think it a blessing that cannot be told,  
 That our wyffes are not made as was Adam's of old ;  
 And if for each tyme I enjoyed a young bryd,  
 A rib were to be taken out of my left syde,  
 I would be a sad creature ere I went to the grave,  
 And in my old age only one syde I would have.  
 The grieffe and the shame would make me soon dye,  
 To hear an Episcopall when I chanc'd to pass bye ;  
 " See now thee Whig Minister carried on barrous,  
 Who gave halfe his body to make him halfe marrous."

#### VIII.

#### **Roundel on the death of Mr Williamson.**

THE seventh wife Davie,  
 The kirk doth sadly want,  
 Who opposed the tribe of Levie,  
 The seventh wife Davie,  
 The seventh gave him the spavie,  
 And killed a whoring sa'nt.

## IX.

**Answer thereto.**

YE the tribe of Levie  
 Alleadge ill things  
 Against honest Davie.  
 Ye the tribe of Levie,  
 He was not such a knavie  
 As he that wore band strings.\*

## X.

**Elegie on the Death of Williamson.**  
**By Mr Finnie.**

AH, he is dead, the phenix of this age,  
 Who acted mighty wonders on the stage ;  
 He once combined with the prelatick crew,  
 But shifted sides, turn'd to another hue ;  
 Gave demonstration of his fierie zeall,  
 Like Irish horses drew the plough by his taill.  
 For he made numerous converts, and its odd,  
 Not more by preaching than his ponderous codd,  
 Or stone, that had of weight and vigour more  
 Than the other two he carried straight befor ;  
 The cause he finger'd them oft was not his choice,  
 But force to keep them in an equal poise.  
 Ladies, with brinish tears bedew your cheeks,  
 Ye've lost the three considerables in his breeks.  
 I cannot comprehend his praise in verse,

\* Archbishop Paterson.

For Cherrytrees hath aggrandized his tarse,  
So that in Venus' field he led the van ;  
And Charles desired to see this able man,  
While in the oak, tho' he had a great soul,  
Had neither heart nor hands to wield his pole ;\*  
But he in hazard of life at Cherrietreets,  
Was bold to enter 'twixt the ladie's thighs.  
And he the psalmist David far surmounts,  
Was more devoted to the covenants,  
And abler too : only to warm his feet  
He married Abishag the Shunamite,  
When aged he wanted joyce to wett a sheet.  
Our David hath been vigorous all his life,  
After three score he married the seventh wife.  
And to his dying day could mount his pole,  
And like any old rat penetrat each hole.  
If Madam Bourignon,† or the Turks speak truth,  
That there is copulation after death,  
Whig ladies will to him great honour yield,  
As Venus champions in the Elysian field ;  
He's now transplanted to another sphere,  
Will prove a stallion there, as he did here.

\* Charles the Second was so much astonished at Williamson's prowess, that he sent for the divine when in London.

† Antonia Bourignon, daughter of John Bourignon, an Italian merchant at Lisle, was born on the 13th of January 1616, and died in Friseland 30th October 1680. From her infancy she had "the gift of chastity in so high a degree that she often said, that in all her life she never had, not even upon a temptation or surprise, the least thought which might be unbecoming the chastity of the purest virgin state." *Bourignianism Detected*, by John Cockburn, D.D. London, 1696, page 2.

## XI.

**Long Kirkton's Address.**

The nobleman alluded to was probably Lord Leven. The Reverend James Kirkton is known as the author of a History of the Church of Scotland, which a few years ago was edited from various MSS. by C. K. Sharpe, Esq., and illustrated with a Biographical notice of the author, and numerous valuable notes.

UNTO the grave Assemblie's moderator,  
A tall yet very humble fornicator  
With all submission doth himself address,  
And with sincere contrition doth confess,  
That foolishly he ingag'd, the last year,  
As captain rable to a noble peer ;  
Who with more zeele than wìt, did help to push on  
This great and godlie revolution.  
For family exercise the peer did stand  
As the best way to purge this sinful land.  
For such a work no man was better gifted,  
An abler brother petticoat neir lifted ;  
O weel it set him, for (to) say beloved,  
To advance the cause let's leave no stone unmoved.  
Unto his ladie first he allways pray'd,  
Then from her went unto her chamber-maid.  
With exercise, from one to all to pass,  
Forgetting not so much as kitchen-lass.  
I pittiful sinner gravely standing bye,



Admiring much his lordship's pietie,  
Resolve the self-same exercise to try,  
Thinking, but vainly, that the chosen of Heaven,  
Doe that they pleased would surely be forgiven.  
But now, I find, a saint may be beguiled,  
Two of the holies having falne with child.  
The first a thing both neat and weel behaved,  
The pious neice of worthy Mr David,\*  
The other, though not of so fam'd a clan,  
A loving tit as ever fell with man.  
Now, reverend Sir, in short, this is our case,  
Believing we were brethren in grace,  
Als weill became so good and holy brothers,  
We did not stick to mool in with each others.  
But, ah ! ye willing things with too much greed,  
Sucked up the showers we rain'd of holy seed,  
And cannot tell which of us did the deed ;  
This being the case, is it not very sad  
That I alone should get the bairnes to had.  
Since that his Lordship was engaged as far,  
It is but reason he should bear a share.  
This deference to him I still did pay,  
I did but follow when he led the way ;  
And, in like cases, lawyers do grant us,  
Such kind of things are *primi occupantis*.  
I hold as faith what William's law allowes,  
What King James saith, my conscience disapproves ;  
While William's head, the subjects will not harm  
The flock's misled who hold King James supream ;  
They rebels are who William's laws despise,  
Who King James barr, they loyall are and wise.

\* Williamson.

## XII.

**Epitaph on Katharine M'Millan,  
Old Lady Logy.**

The Lady's lineage is unknown, but as she is stated to have been the mother of "Jock and Willie Binning," she may have been the wife of William Binning of Wallyford, Provost of Edinburgh, 1676, who was afterwards knighted.

The only interesting part of this coarse and vulgar lampoon are the two last lines, which have been partially used by Scott in his *Antiquary*, when decyphering for the edification of Lovel the Epitaph on John o' the Girncl,—

Here lyeth John o' ye Girncl,  
Earth hes ye nit and heuen ye kirncl.

HERE lyes enshrin'd in this foul lining  
The mother of Jock and Willie Bining,  
Who liv'd a miser, dyed ane witch,  
And now to hell they hurl'd the bitch.  
In Nethertoun she keepit a masson,  
Not by his airt but her creation,  
To set and build for her a tomb,  
Since oft he carved upon her womb,  
Blank emblems, cyphers, hieroglyphicks,  
As is the judgment of all criticks,  
Her wynding sheet is ane old shirt,  
Her funerall oyls are piss and dirt :  
Her cofine is of ane old girncl,  
Earth keeps the shell, the deil the kirncl.

## XIII.

**Minor Pasquils.**

The following satirical lines are printed from anonymous MSS.

## 1.

## ON A MAID OF HONOUR.

HERE lyes a Maid not full sixteen  
Who was a servant to the Queen ;  
More men than years she had upon her,  
But yet she dyed a Maid of Honour.

## 2.

ON THE WHIG'S FURTHOLDER'S WHORE AND  
BASTARD.

A SIGHING holy Sister, who by one of her societie  
Being got with child, she wept for passive pietie :  
But since her holy brothers overreach't her  
She hoped the child when born to be a Whig Preacher:  
But when the tyme came, they all cryed out with  
    laughter  
That now her son was turned to a daughter !!  
Yet be content—if God preserves the babie,  
She has a pulpit where Whig preachers may be.

## XIV.

DEATH OF THE FIRST DUKE OF  
ARGYLE, 1703.

The MS. from which this Pasquil is printed gives it the following title, "Lines on the Duke of Argyle, that died in his whore's arms in England, 28th September 1703." The fact thus coarsely disclosed is substantially true. The first Duke of Argyle, whose marriage with a daughter of the Duchess of Lauderdale was anything but productive of happiness, left his wife, and surrendered himself to the indulgence of vices which ultimately led to his death. His Grace had acquired the estate of Chirton, near North Shields, where he resided with a female of the name of Alison. On the grounds of this property there existed a small house, in which very exceptionable company assembled, and it was there the Duke received wounds which led to his death.\* He was carried to Chirton, where he was carefully attended by Mrs Alison, to whom he left the Chirton estate on his demise.

This bequest was challenged by his son, the second Duke, and his widow, and the proceedings they adopted

\* The following cutting from a newspaper is worth preserving. August 1814 :—"On the second instant the skeleton of a man was found at the depth of thirty fathoms, in an old coal-pit at Chirton, near North Shields. This discovery has excited much curiosity. The Duke of Argyle, who resided at Chirton in the reign of William III., built a small house of unhewn stone in a shrubbery, which was afterwards converted into a brothel, and remained there until the present proprietor came to the estate, who immediately pulled it down. About the year 1784 a young sea-faring man became amissing, and was never more heard of."

were not creditable to either. Alison ultimately got a sum of money. Chirton was sold to one of the Blacket Family, but how the price was divided is not known. If the bequest was voidable, neither the widow nor her son can be blamed for setting it aside, but this was no excuse for their proceedings in the English Ecclesiastical Courts against the female for immorality, and proclaiming to the public the Duke's adultery.

### **On the Death of the First Duke of Argyle.**

Pluto did frown, but Proserpine did smile  
 Att Hell, to hear the knocks of Old Argyle.  
 Pluto cry'd out, let no gates open'd be  
 If he come heir, he'll surelie cuckold me ;  
 To which the Queen reply'd, with sighs and groans,  
 No fear, my leidge, for he hes bruised his stones.  
 Pluto reply'd, I fear he will rebell.  
 Says Proserpine, for that I cannot tell;  
 For to rebell we know it is his kynd.  
 In stocks and chains then he shall be confin'd.  
 We have in Hell prisons secure enough,  
 Castles more strong than that of Edinbrugh.  
 What room, says Pluto, shall we pnt him in ?  
 Lust and rebellion were his greatest sin.  
 We'll thrust him in the warmest place of Hell,  
 His pride, and greed, and letcherie to quell.  
 To pride, to greed, to lust, he was right clever,  
 Let Cerberus alone to gnaw his liver.  
 None him lament, Peers, Barons, nor yet boors,  
 For he went thence in th'arms of bards and hoors,  
 He dye'd the death which is not due or common  
 Unto his house—but by a letcherous woman.





















































































































































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